

## PUT HUMAN HAIR ON DISPLAY

Peculiar Exhibition Which Has Come to Be a Yearly Feature of London Summer Displays.

Many strange exhibitions for booming trade are held each year, but the palm for oddity must be awarded to the display of human hair which takes place in London every summer.

The exhibition is held mainly for the benefit of dealers in human hair. London, it may be explained, is the chief human hair market of the world and deals with something like \$1,500,000 worth of hair every year. The hair mostly comes from the heads of peasant girls in Italy, Brittany and the south of France. The best fetches \$12 an ounce, but white hair is the dearest because of its rarity. The explanation is that a lock of pure white hair is only obtainable by picking out the white hairs strand by strand from about 500 pounds weight of gray hair, which of course is a mixture of white and dark. It is a long, tedious process, and prices as high as \$24 an ounce are paid for such hair. Natural white hair above 30 inches in length is impossible to obtain.

The growing scarcity of the supplies is worrying the trade and the hair merchant of today is hard put to it to obtain the supplies necessitated by the prevailing mode, which calls for a quantity of false curls and ringlets.

Say, you! And then...



# WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY ABOUT THE HOPKINSVILLE KENTUCKIAN VACUUM CLEANER



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## SOME SURE SIGNS OF RAIN

If One Will but Be Observant He Never Need Be Caught in a Sudden Shower.

If an ant stops work and shuts up his sand hill it is not on account of membership in a union exacting the eight hour closing law, but because he feels it in his bones that it is going to rain and wishes to put up his storm shutters in time.

When a meek-minded little spider is ground in the dust by a little boy's thoughtless heel the heavens weep.

The hooting of an owl presages rain, and the cuckoo's cry in the morning is a warning that it will come the next day.

Pigs carrying hay in their mouths, an ass shaking his ears, a horse turning his lips back "in a grin," all announce a coming downpour.

If a swimming duck dips his head into the water and raises it quickly he is "pleading for rain."

In washing her face a cat is supposed to face the direction that the wind is coming from, but the wind the next day will blow the way her tail points when she is sharpening her claws.

## ENGLAND'S LABOR UNREST OLD

Labor unrest is no new thing in London. In 1768 Benjamin Franklin was living in Craven street. He was the most trustworthy of observers and has left the record of what he witnessed. Coal heavers pulling down the houses of coal dealers; sailors on strike unrigging all the outward-bound merchantmen and closing the port of London till their pay was raised; the very tailors marching down in their thousands to overawe parliament.—Chicago News

## Calendars.

The finest line of samples ever seen in Hopkinsville, from the Collins Mfg. Co. of Philadelphia, can be seen at the Kentuckian office. Come in and see them. We can please you, no matter what style you want for 1913.

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## "ALL ALONE."

(Mutterseelen allein.)

(Arr. F. ABBE.)

**Voice.** Moderato con espress.

The moon looks down up-on the wave, And  
Es blickt so still der Mond mich an, es

**Piano.** poco ritard. pp p f p

calm-ly flows the Rhine,..... The fish-er-boy now spreads his nets Be-  
fließt so still der Rhein, der Fi-scher Kna-be steht im Kahn so

ritard. pp dim.

neath the pale moon-shine. I sit with-in my si-lent room And list the waves' low  
mut-ter-seelen al-lein. Ich sitz am Bo-cken trau-rig bang im stil-len Kam-mer-

rit. p pp dim.

molto calando. f e poco.

tone, I can-not mind my spinning-wheel, For I am all a-lone, Were  
lein, das Räd-chen mir nicht schnurren will, so mut-ter-seelen al-lein, Wärest

pp molto calando.

**Voice.** allegro.

I with thee, or thou with me, My fish-er boy you'd own,..... Nor  
du bei mir, wär ich bei dir, du lie-ber Kna-be mein, du

**Piano.** mf e agitato.

you, nor I, would sad-ly sigh, That we were all a-lone!..... Were  
stündst nicht dort, ich säss nicht hier, so mut-ter-seelen-al-lein!..... Wärest

**Voice.** mf

I with thee, or thou with me, My fish-er boy you'd own,..... Nor  
du bei mir, und ich bei dir, du lie-ber Kna-be mein,..... du

**Piano.** mf

you, nor I, would sad-ly sigh, That we were all a-lone!.....  
stündst nicht dort, ich säss nicht hier, so mut-ter-seelen-al-lein!.....